

FINDING THE OTHERS

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AT SOME TIMES, I'LL LOOK FOR a good way to lessen the tensions which some days bring... I'll try the mental yoga stretches, such as the Sunn salute... If this doesn't work, I'll try and visualize an presence at the heart of me, which feels

blissful, and complete... *allowing a good relationship, with the inner me.* This usually works, to lessen my inner tensions, and bring peace and relaxation. You see, the human heart, in the astral sense, is susceptible *to the burdens of 'obscure sorrows.'* This, I think is the main reason that we have the yoga paths, *this need often to relax the mind, starting at the central space, of the astral interior.* When I was a young man just out of high school, I commonly lived with such enormous, throbbing pain, in social situations, like alcohol parties, *and at quiet, idle occasions, like at the theater, or at a*

movie, which often involved inebriants, or hallucinogens... or at a musical performance of this nature... I would often be there, inwardly overcome by an blind, chaotic aching pain 'on my mind.' There are any one of a number of popular euphemisms, for the condition, of simply, *having often an astral energy entanglement, at my heart, and just not knowing properly the way to allow this inner self to flow.* **'You live, and you learn,'** is a popular saying, describing how we learn to adapt, and deal with pain. And, to be honest, *for myself, I've just learned not to put myself in those sorts of*

circumstances, and settings, and places, anymore, because most days, I have all the excitement I need, just in sitting quietly, and playing my music collection, or reading, or sketching an artwork, and letting this sort of 'moving meditation,' calm and still my inner heart. I've learned, at last, how, If I don't want to keep getting those same results, and pains in that way, I had better stop doing the behaviors that bring them on... such as drinking, or using powerful drugs... which would accompany those other behaviors, those types of social parties, and so on. I think, that these problems, in myself, have hereditary

origins... with contemporary reflections... a kind of love hate relationship with chaos.

The surrealist in me inherently knows the way by now, *as his mind alternately soars so highly, it also collapses back upon itself*, and the challenge comes in being able to spot this mystifying transition, hour to hour, and to work with it, by getting yourself to a place of stillness and quiet, even if it means laying down, in bed. These types of mental change ups often have socio spiritual origins... such as which having a large, diverse readership sometimes brings... the sometimes changing frameworks, of fate and

circumstances... The downward weight and pressing of atmospheric pressure, and gravity... *in the greater context of a new beginning, a New Age.* So, you can see some of my thoughts, on these pages again, here in this mid summer late August. Well, *my words, going onto this media, like this, make my happiness tonight complete.* I seem to have found some of the musics of my dreams, *from out of the minds of some Artists and publishing houses that I've been in search of for years... such is a time, of 'Finding the Others.'* Such is part of the promises of digital media, and recorded words, of sounds, visual images,

moving pictures, and of the many tactile sensations, of this which I've come to love dearly. At any rate, this is, at some times, spiritual materialism... in other words, when times change, and they always do, in terms of seismic, or meteorologic, or political, or economic, or health, or literary, or scientific, or sociological factors... pre science of any sort... my media collection, if it's vast in any way, *sometimes becomes a creaking, groaning, hulking, throbbing knot of pain, in the center of my mind.* So, having a media collection, you sometimes have to see past the cineritious matter, which 'worlds

colliding,' tends to drive up from within, and sometimes upon our minds, and just let it all go, *and just exist, moved and excited by the immediacy of the new or novel experience, or acquisition.* At any rate, with a bad migraine, like I'm enduring right now, *I really have got to find the right sigh kick muscles, the right astral leverage, to rise above the pain.* This is where the higher spiritual presences about ourselves can really do wonders... *life, like this, as a creative, and intellectual force, sometimes involves giving the reins over to the encompassing spiritual presences... and trusting that the outcome will be worth the*

wait. Already, my shelves are filled with great albums and books, so these proximal spirits are past due my gratitude. Well, these have certainly been a few thoughts, from here in my cubicle, *communing quietly with my robots, and their organelles.* My society dictates that I not be out running in the streets, so I'm much happier to be writing... this way, I'm not bothering anyone... except maybe some of the potentialities within my imagination's eyesight, which sometimes worry themselves over the funny things I say, or do... *when it's the greater world, beyond, which I think usually more needs the worry.*

Our street is fine. I hope these words have helped you find your way, tonight, *and that you continue, on directly to the 'land of dreams,' and enjoy yourself.* Well, all for now, I'll send this along your way now.
Greg.